

The adventures of Emilia Johnson

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Summary: A long time ago in a place I don't know where is, lived a little girl The most dangerus girl to ever walk this earth

The adventures of Emilia Johnson

A long time ago in a place I don't know where is, lived a little girl, her name was Emily Jonson. She lived alone in a dark humid and moldy cave even though she was only 12 years old. She never liked anyone, she didn't know why, she had just never found anyone she likes other then herself. She was quite an ugly thing really, her eyes to almond her nose to big her lips to small and her brown flat boring hair wasn't an improvement either. She wore a long black coat and black boots and with her glaring eyes she could scare the life out of a bear. Emily wasn't actually completely human you see, she was a bit of this and a bit of that making her more violent independent and dangerous. But she didn't know it herself. And now you will hear about the day Emily Jonson decided to kill.

Emilia Johnson was a pretty little thing with big eyes, a perfect nose, full lips and brown thick curled hair. She lived high up in the mountains that were surrounding a little village. Her favorite thing to doo was looking down to it, imagining what it would be like living there. She didn't live in the mountains all alone tough she lived with her friend peter. Peter was a 14 year old boy he had blond hair blue eyes and a kind warm smile. Emilia was around 12 years old but she had been gone so long with peter she forgot. Today Emilia sat by a tree and looked down to the small town but today something was off she could hear screams from the town. Strucen with fear she ran inside the little cottage and told Peter. Had this been today Peter and Emilia would most likely call the police but this wasn't today this was in the 1840's so Peter an Emilia had to find out what was happening on their own. Peter took his coat and gun an Emilia took her cloak and off they went to the town.

Emilia had been to the town once before when they first came to the little place it was called Hope. It was a lovely little town but not today instead of people, blood drenched bodies roamed the street. In

a couple of hours the rats would come and eat on them and then they will start to rot and stink. Emilia thought while Peter took her hand. They walked around one corner and in to a small ally and there she was Emily Jonson drenched in blood but she wasn't dead she was sitting there smiling. Peter said to her -you need to stop! - But Emily kept on smiling, Peter quickly rose his gun closed his eyes and pulled the trigger, He then dropped his gun and ran out of the ally with Emilia following close behind.

End
file.